

Thursday, Sept. 5, 1907.

Democratic Municipal Ticket.

For Mayor—D. V. Thurness.
For Marshal—Augustus Shively.
For Clerk—Charles Smith.
For Treasurer—Rudolph Brown.
For Councilman—George G. Gage,
John Canty, Fred Stracke,
Thomas Bennett, Nicholas
Eberst, Harry Rose.
For Water Works Trustee—W. A.
Henderson, Henry Lutz.
For Members School Board—J. P.
Miller, Henry Kessler.
For Assessors—First Ward, Henry
Ucker; Second Ward, Dan
Connors; Third Ward, Dennis
Noonan; Fourth Ward, Andy
Inboden.

Falls Township Primary.

The Falls Township Democratic Primary will be held at the Court House in Logan on Saturday, September 7th., from one to six, p. m. The primary is to be held according to the recommendation of the County Central Committee. The following offices are to be filled:

- One Justice of the Peace.
- One Township Clerk.
- One Township Treasurer.
- One Assessor.
- Two Township Trustees.
- One Constable.
- Two members of Board of Education for terms of 4 years.

SAMUEL BLUM,
Central Committeeman.

Announcements.

TRUSTEE FALLS TOWNSHIP.
We are authorized to announce the name of ADAM POLING as a candidate for Trustee of Falls Township, subject to the will of the Democratic primary.

Please announce the name of SAMUEL BLUM as a candidate for the office of Trustee of Falls Township, subject to the will of the Democratic primary.

TRUSTEE MARION TOWNSHIP.
Please announce the name of DAVID WOLF as a candidate for the office of Trustee of Marion Township, subject to the will of the Democratic primary.

TRUSTEE WARD TOWNSHIP.
We are authorized to announce the name of PETER BITNER of Murray City, as a candidate for Trustee of Ward Township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

TOWNSHIP CLERK.
We are authorized to announce the name of ROLAND BRIGHT as a candidate for Clerk of Falls Township, subject to the will of the Democratic primary.

ASSESSORS.
We are authorized to announce the name of JOHN H. WAGNER for Assessor of Marion Township, for a second term, subject to the will of the Democratic primary.

Political Comments.

The more the Democratic municipal ticket as nominated is eluded and falsified, the stronger it gets.

"Friday, the Thirteenth," is certainly a very significant date for the Republican municipal primary.

The difficulty the Republican organization has in getting a local ticket in the field, gives evidence that they realize they have foemen worthy of their steel in the Democratic nominees.

When it comes to a careful and judicious canvass of the voters of Logan for their suffrages, just keep an eye on Rudolph Brown for City Treasurer, and a better or more careful business man could not be elected to that position.

The Journal-Gazette announces that there will yet be another Republican candidate for Mayor spring up with strength that will make them all go some. Well, it will take all the strength that the opposition can muster up to beat the Democrats this year.

When the leader and boss of the Republican party in Logan slurs Mr. George Gage, he besmirches the entire labor federation of Logan, of which Mr. Gage is president. They can talk about business men and more business men for the council, and that is alright, but what about the labor of Logan being represented in the

Council, and how much better can this important element of industry be represented in council than by the election of their president.

Ohio Is For Bryan Says Governor Campbell.

Columbus, Ohio, September 3.—"There was no need on the part of Judge Alton B. Parker to deny the statement that I had verified the fact that he was a candidate for the Presidency," said former Governor James E. Campbell today. "The truth is that I never said that he was a candidate for President. The account published in the THE ENQUIRER did not say so, either. What I did say, and I was correctly reported, was, that I was told by an informant in New York, whose confidence I enjoy, that Judge Parker was a candidate."

"I remember very distinctly of telling this gentleman in response that there was no Parker sentiment in Ohio. That state, I said, was for William Jennings Bryan, if he wanted the delegation. He concurred, in my view, but went on to say again that Parker was out for the nomination. It is also needless to add that Ohio is still for Bryan. My own county, Butler, has already endorsed him, being the first in Ohio this campaign. There is no power in this country that can take the state away from him."

Chestnut Ridge

There were quite a number of people from this vicinity attended the McClelland picnic.

Mr. Willie Turkenton set up a soft drink stand on the grounds of the Perry picnic. He had sixty gallons of sweet cider.

Mr. Clay Chambers was the guest of Mr. Willie Turkenton Thursday evening.

Mrs. Lizzie Miller and son, Herald, of Lancaster, have been the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Turkenton.

Mr. Allen Chambers made a hustling trip to Laurelville one day last week.

Mr. Allen Chambers and son, Walter, have been visiting his brother, William Chambers, of Wood county, last week.

Mr. William Turkenton has a fine banjo for sale. Call at this place.

Well, Uncle Si we did not appear in your columns for quite awhile, but we hope the other writers are sending their items regular.

Now the flowers fade away, Colder is the morning, Warmer is the day.

Chestnut Grove

Threshing seems to be the order of the day.

Camp meeting seems to be progressing nicely at Slagle's Grove.

Meeting at Chestnut Grove every Sunday night. Everybody invited.

Mr. Thaddeus Hill has been working for Mr. John Starkey.

Mr. Miles Brown and Miss Deserie Newton attended church at Chestnut Grove Sunday.

Mrs. Maud Wachime and Mrs. Ella Fads have gone to conference to hire a preacher. We wish them success.

There will be an ice cream supper at Chestnut Grove next Saturday night. Everybody come.

Mr. George Amerine and Miss Welcome Daugherty started Saturday night for camp meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. John Starkey were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Purl Lowry, Sunday.

Misses Stella and Hazel Started for camp meeting Saturday night and missed the street car.

Mr. Clinton Hill is still working for Mr. Robert Davis.

Misses Ethel Carnes, Stella and Hazel Starkey attended camp meeting Sunday night.

Miss Ethel Carnes returned to her work near Williamsport, Monday.

DO YOU KNOW
THE WET WEATHER
COMFORT AND
PROTECTION
afforded by a
TOWERS
SLICKER?
Clean-Light
Durable
Guaranteed
Waterproof
\$3.99
Everywhere

AN INTERESTING SHORT STORY THAT WILL PLEASE ALL OF OUR READERS.

Of Some Use In the World.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

Copyright, 1907, by C. W. Hooks.

EDGAR SHENSTONE was one of those lesser capitalists of finance and moderately swollen multimillionaires whose names have not become household words. In fact he was so quiet and unobtrusive in his ways that when our Wall Street man came to me with a tip on Shenstone he began by asking if I knew him.

The city editor of a newspaper is expected to know everybody, so that question will serve to indicate how inconspicuous Shenstone was. I responded that I had never heard the pleasure of meeting that particular pirate, but I had heard of his works.

He is the active agent in a big speculative pool that is being organized," continued Miles, the Wall Street man. "The operations will probably be sensational enough to call for a spread story."

Upon this hint I looked up Shenstone in the "morgue," as we call the great collection of clippings arranged in envelopes and carefully catalogued that every important newspaper keeps for reference. There was an envelope marked "Shenstone, Edgar, Broker," but its contents were disappointing. I was particularly grieved to learn that we had no portrait, and after various unsuccessful attempts to procure one I sent a photographer to snapshot Mr. Shenstone, but he failed.

In the course of that week a writer named Sidney Colbert called to see me and asked for work. He was a genius in his way, but entirely useless on a newspaper. His vocation was literature, and he had written some very good stuff that had been printed in the best magazines, but he had no money sense, no nose, and no aptitude for enduring poverty.

I don't know how it happened, but somehow in the course of breaking to Sidney the sad news that he must continue to starve because neither the Daily Record nor any other human institution had any use for him I mentioned the unsuccessful search for Shenstone's portrait. Thereupon Sidney fell into deep thought. The furrows by which his handsome countenance was wrecked and riven became positively painful to behold, and he maintained so long a silence that I began to think of ways to be rid of him. Suddenly he said:

"I can get you a likeness of Mr. Shenstone." And then, with earnestness, "If I give you my word that I will not fail will you—er—could you?"

"Well?"

"I suppose," he said in gasping desperation, "that you might be willing to pay as much as \$5 for the portrait, and?"

"Oh, Sidney," said I, "why don't you get a business manager? Five dollars!"

"Is it too much?"

I laughed aloud.

"Here's an expense order for ten," said I. "Bring me a good picture before 6 o'clock tomorrow afternoon and I'll give you fifteen more. If you had

any sense you could get fifty out of me."

But this was lost upon Sidney. The whole machinery of his intelligence, that great and delicate and wonderful structure, was busy with a bit of paper which bore the printed heading, "Petty Expense Account."

"Thank you," said he.

And he fled away to the cashier.

That evening in a restaurant I saw him entertaining a very pretty girl at dinner. He beckoned me to join them, and I passed an hour in their company. Though the conversation avoided personal topics, I learned in other ways than by the spoken word that he was very much in love with her and she with him. She was a fine example of the pure blond type now hurrying to its extinction, and he was racially and individually suitable to be her mate, but neither was in the smallest degree fit for the battle of life today.

On the following afternoon Sidney brought me a photograph, not executed in the highest style of the art, but

clearly printed and easy of reproduction. The pictured face startled me.

"Great Scott!" I cried. "Is Shenstone a brother of yours? I should think you had sat for this yourself!"

"Mr. Shenstone is distantly related to me," he replied. "We have a common ancestor."

"But is this good of Shenstone?" I demanded, tapping the photograph. "I never saw him."

"You might ask Mr. Miles," said he. "I summoned Miles and showed the picture."

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Couldn't be better!"

"Did you ask Shenstone for this?" said I to Sidney. He nodded.

"Ever meet him before?" Sidney shook his head.

"Was he surprised at the sight of you?"

"He certainly was and amused too. The resemblance is so close as to be really ridiculous, considering the difference in our circumstances."

I paid Sidney the additional \$15, and though I subsequently learned that he himself had posed for the picture I never regretted the bargain.

About two months later a somewhat mysterious stranger called upon me to inquire for Sidney Colbert's address. Suspecting this man to be a collector, I declined to give the desired information. On the following day a lawyer from the Wall Street district came with the same request. He assured me that he was acting in my friend's interest. I told him that Sidney was just recovering from an illness and was in miserable circumstances and that I would make it warm for any one who annoyed him. Then I gave the address.

I was not altogether easy in my mind, however, and consequently I called at Sidney's lodgings one evening in the latter part of that week. He was not at home, and nobody had seen him for two days. Much disturbed, I went to see Miss Dean in the studio building, where she dwelt in girl bachelor fashion.

Miss Dean was quaking with nervousness, though she tried to conceal it. I was sure that she had been peeping the floor, which was littered with all the evening newspapers. She began by telling me that she did not know where Sidney was, but when I smiled upon her sadly she abandoned that deception and admitted that she did know, but was pledged not to tell.

"He has been so ill," she cried, clenching her hands distractedly. "He ought to be in the country, where he could be quiet and have pure air to breathe."

"Is he in any sort of trouble?" I asked, and she said no, except that he was very weak from illness and needed rest.

"Is he at work?"

"Yes."

"Then he will soon have some money and can go out of town," said I.

"Twenty dollars a week," she responded with withering scorn.

That was all I learned about Sidney, but Miss Dean consented to speak more freely of herself. I thought it my duty to inquire, because for all I knew she might be penniless. It appeared, however, that she was a fairly good manager, and, though the allowance upon which she lived was barely sufficient for her support, she had never gone in debt. Indeed she had for a time preserved some small savings, but these she had spent for Sidney during his illness. Sidney did not know this, of course. It would never occur to him that little expenses for a sick man's delicate provender could have any considerable total.

I saw Sylvia quite frequently after that, but did not see Sidney nor could I get track of him, though I made various endeavors. A hint from Sylvia gave me the impression that the mysterious work in which Sidney was engaged might not be viewed with approval by a stern moralist, and this led me to believe that he was employed by Shenstone. It was possible, however, that he might be serving Shenstone's enemies. Could it be possible that his resemblance to the speculator was being used in some wild scheme of personation? Sidney would never consent to such dishonesty, but in the hands of the shrewd and reckless men who were fighting Shenstone's pool my friend would be a mere child. It would be no trouble at all for them to make Sidney believe that black was white.

Sylvia was as careless as most women are of the ethics of business. Her sole anxiety in this matter was for Sidney's health. I made out that she had either very meager reports of him or none at all.

"I should not be surprised any day to hear that he was dead," said she to me, with black foreboding written on her face.

I think it was not twenty-four hours afterward that I was going through the regular daily report from one of the city news bureaus and came upon this paragraph typewritten upon the thin, dirty yellow paper that they use:

"Sidney Colbert, a writer, was taken to St. Margaret's hospital late last night suffering with ulcer of the stomach. An immediate operation will be necessary. In this disease surgery is not resorted to until the ulcer penetrates the wall of the organ, and the chances are always against the patient. Doctors at the hospital declined to discuss the case."

As soon as I could get away from the office I went to see Sylvia. She was not in. Presumably she was at St. Margaret's. There, however, I could get no word of her, nor was I able, with all my "pull," either to see Sidney or to send him a message. I obtained the information that the operation had been performed and that the patient's condition was fairly good. On the following day I learned that he was dead.

As Sidney had no near relatives I joined with some other men who had

known him, and we claimed his body. The funeral was held in the chapel adjoining the hospital, and we gathered quite a company of mourners. But Sylvia was not present, and I could not find her. My anxiety was extreme, for I knew that she loved Sidney with all her heart, but before I had taken any steps to trace her through the usual public machinery I received a rather curt message that she had gone to her old home in Maine. About three weeks later, however, I met her on the street.

It was near the place where she had lived, and I accompanied her there.

"Sylvia," said I when we stood in her little sitting room, "you say you have just got back to town. I don't believe you've ever been away."

"I haven't," she admitted.

I took her by the arm.

"You are happy," said I, "feverishly happy. What does this mean? Not

very long ago I stood by the grave of a man I thought you loved—"

"You didn't!" she whispered. "He isn't dead!"

I recoiled as from a blow and stared at her.

"I have felt this in my bones," said I slowly. "I have dreamed it at night. We buried Shenstone!"

"Swear to me," she cried, "that you will not tell!"

"Give me the story," said I. "You have my word."

"Mr. Shenstone was taken ill," said she, "just at the beginning of a great fight. I don't fully understand—"

"I know all about that. He was managing a mighty big pool."

"It was thought that if the news of his serious illness got about," she continued, "the enterprise would fail."

"The speculative public would have swamped it in one day."

"Yes; that's it. Now, Sidney had been to see Mr. Shenstone for you to ask him for a photograph of himself, which Mr. Shenstone refused. So they knew how much he looked like Mr. Shenstone. Really the resemblance was very close, and as both men had been ill the deception was made easier. They offered Sidney \$20 a week merely to go to Mr. Shenstone's office every day and sit in the private room, but, of course, they didn't let anybody in who knew Mr. Shenstone well. And Sidney has been living in Mr. Shenstone's house. They were both there together until Mr. Shenstone became so ill that it was seen he must die. Then he was secretly smuggled into the hospital as Sidney Colbert. They begged me to go to the funeral, but I could not. I would have died at the sight of him."

"You wouldn't have seen him," said I. "The coffin was sealed."

"They don't want Sidney any more," she resumed after a shuddering pause. "It will be announced that Mr. Shenstone is going abroad. And his wife is going secretly to Dakota, where she will get a divorce for abandonment. And he is dead! Won't it be dreadful?"

"And Sidney?"

"He and I shall be married very quietly, and we shall go to Italy. They are to give him a thousand dollars."

"What?"

"A thousand dollars," said I. "If this story comes out it will drive those men up the tallest tree in the United States. They'll have to run for their lives. A thousand dollars, indeed! Just let me drop a hint in certain quarters, merely a hint, and you'll see what will happen. You don't understand the fraud and trickery of which Sidney has been the mainstay. To you his act even savored of virtue. It seemed unjust that Mr. Shenstone's enemies should triumph over him merely because he was ill, and Sidney seemed to be doing no harm in taking his place. But there's been more in this game than Beekman himself could keep track of. Let me talk to those fellows."

At first she wouldn't listen, but I finally showed her that those sharks were merely laughing at Sidney at playing him for a fool, and, with her womanly resentment aroused, she agreed at least to tell them what she thought of them. She nearly frightened them to death. They executed contritions of apology and performed miracles of explanation, and the result was that Sidney got a life pension of \$5,000 a year, upon which well earned income he and she are living in the most delicious content by the blue Mediterranean, and Sidney is writing a book, which will make his name famous. No; not his name, for that is on a tombstone, as I know, because I paid the bill for the carving. Perhaps the book will be by Edgar Shenstone.

I RECOILED AS FROM A BLOW AND STARED AT HER.

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THE NOVELTY STORE

LOGAN, OHIO

Please Take Notice that our new fall goods are already beginning to arrive. We can show you a splendid assortment. Let us show you. REMEMBER OUR 10c SPECIAL on Fridays and Saturday of each week.

ED. L. KLEINSCHMIDT, Prop.
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, LOGAN, O.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

LUTHERAN TRINITY CHURCH.
H. W. WALKER, Pastor.

At Lutheran Trinity Church on North Mulberry St., the service next Sunday will be conducted as follows:

Sunday School.....9:30 a. m.
Confessional Service.....7:00 p. m.
Communion Service.....7:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
C. R. WILSON, Pastor.

Sunday School.....9:00 a. m.
Preaching.....10:30 a. m.
Junior Endeavor.....2:30 p. m.
Preaching.....7:00 p. m.

All services as usual Sunday. Our repairs are now complete. Come and see the work for yourself. We hope to have all our new pews occupied Sunday.

Rev. C. R. Wilson will preach at 10:30 and 7:00. Sunday School will begin promptly at 9:00 o'clock. H. R. Harrington, Supt.

All teachers and scholars are urged to be present. If you are not worshipping elsewhere, come with us, you will be made welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH.
T. B. WHITE, Pastor.

Sunday School.....9:30 a. m.
Junior League.....2:00 p. m.
Class Meeting.....6:00 p. m.
Epworth League.....6:00 p. m.

U. B. CHURCH.
J. W. WILLIS, Pastor.

Sunday School.....9:00 a. m.
Preaching.....10:00 a. m.
Junior Y. P. C. U.....2:00 p. m.
Senior Y. P. C. U.....6:00 p. m.
Preaching.....7:00 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH MISSION
ALFRED W. BUCKLAND, Minister in Charge.

Special service.....7:00 p. m.
Mr. J. F. Harden, of Logan, who has traveled the Holy Land, will give his interesting lecture on Jerusalem, its people and many interesting incidents in the life of our blessed Lord.

A welcome to all.

Vance is Stricken.

A telegram from Wheeling Friday morning conveyed the information that Col. John L. Vance, who is president of the society of the army of West Virginia, was stricken with a sudden and dangerous illness while participating in the exercises of that body Thursday and Friday. On Thursday evening he communicated with his family in this city and declared that his health was never better. Friday morning came the word that he was very ill.

Hold Reunion in Lancaster.

The twenty-third reunion of the One Hundred and Fourteenth O. V. I. will be held at Lancaster, Sept. 17 and 18. Invitations have been issued to all the survivors of that famous regiment by the secretary, D. B. Saint, of Mt. Sterling, and a good crowd is expected to be present.

Republican Candidate for Treasurer.

To My Friends:

I have concluded to enter the race again for Village Treasurer, and take this means in all the newspapers to so inform my friends.

(adv.) G. W. POLLEN.

A Genuine Diamond Ring For \$2.00 GUARANTEED

With a diamond ring I reveal free how to secure a beautiful complexion. Diamonds and exquisite complexion are both desirable. An opportunity to every woman is now offered for obtaining both.

FOR \$2.00 I OFFER A 12 Kt. GOLD SHELL RING, shaped like a becher, with a Tiffany setting, set with a GENUINE DIAMOND and will send free with every order the recipe and directions, for obtaining a faultless complexion, easily understood and simple to follow. It will save the expense of Cream, Cosmetics and Bleaches. Will free the skin from pimples, blackheads, etc., and give the skin beauty and softness.

THE GENUINE DIAMOND RING is guaranteed by the manufacturer to be as represented, and should any purchaser be dissatisfied, I will cheerfully refund the money. Do not let the price lead you to doubt the genuineness or value of this ring, as the above guarantee protects each and every purchaser. Send me \$2.00 by mail and take advantage of this offer, as the time is limited. Send size of finger for which ring is desired.

T. C. MOSELEY
32 East 23rd Street, New York City

FREE OFFER

Send me your name and the names of 5 reputable people as reference and I will forward you a proposition to act as my agent and sell my goods in your locality.

T. C. MOSELEY
Department 15
32 East 23rd Street, New York City

Patronize Your Home Music Store

Why send your money out of town for SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS when you can get them at your home store and save time, postage, money orders and registered letters. Any piece not in stock we can deliver in two to four days after the order has been received by us.

When you have decided to buy a PIANO OR ORGAN, why not give your resident dealer a chance and see what you can do at home before